BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 22

NUTTY

20P
IR—30p
(Inc. VAT)

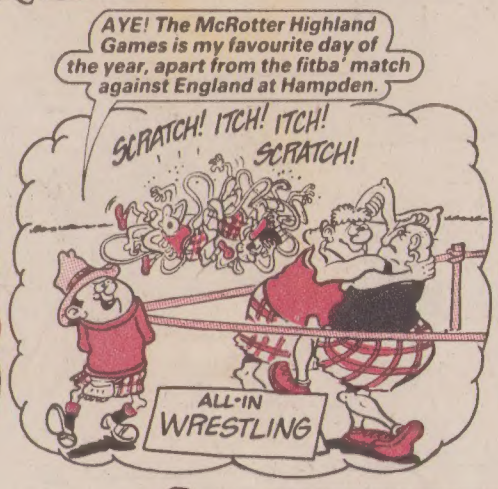
EVERY SATURDAY No. 287 Aug. 10th, 1985

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, LITTLE ERIC, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

BANANAMAN

JAY R. HOOD

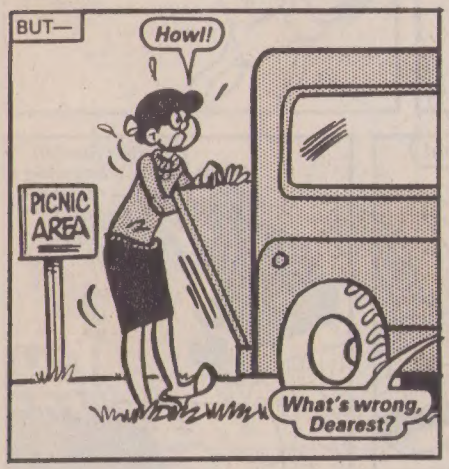
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!



PETER Pest

I'm off for a picnic with my boyfriend, Cecil Fann-Mearns!
Ho! Swipe me! Must keep a stiff upper lip, what?

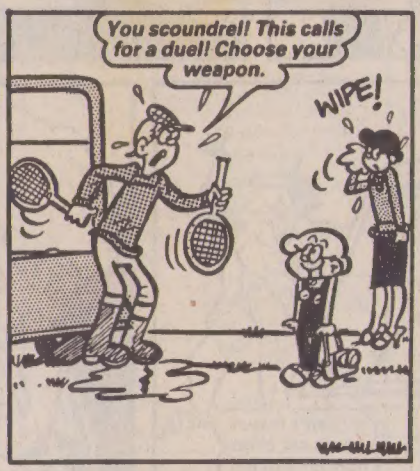
SOON—
Soon be at the family tiffin ground.
Soopah, Dahling!
BUMP!

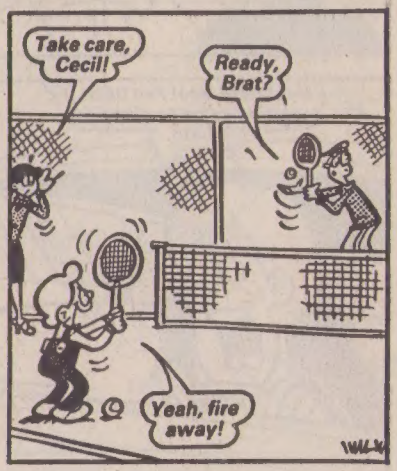

BUT—
Howl!
PICNIC AREA
What's wrong, Dearest?

LEAP!
It's my bruvver!
Afternoon, Cecil. I'm here to take photos for the family album.

Back a bit, Folks!
Yes, must get my new cords in on this one!

THREE BACKWARD STEPS LATER—
Perfect! You're ALL IN now!
SNAP!
SPLOOSH!

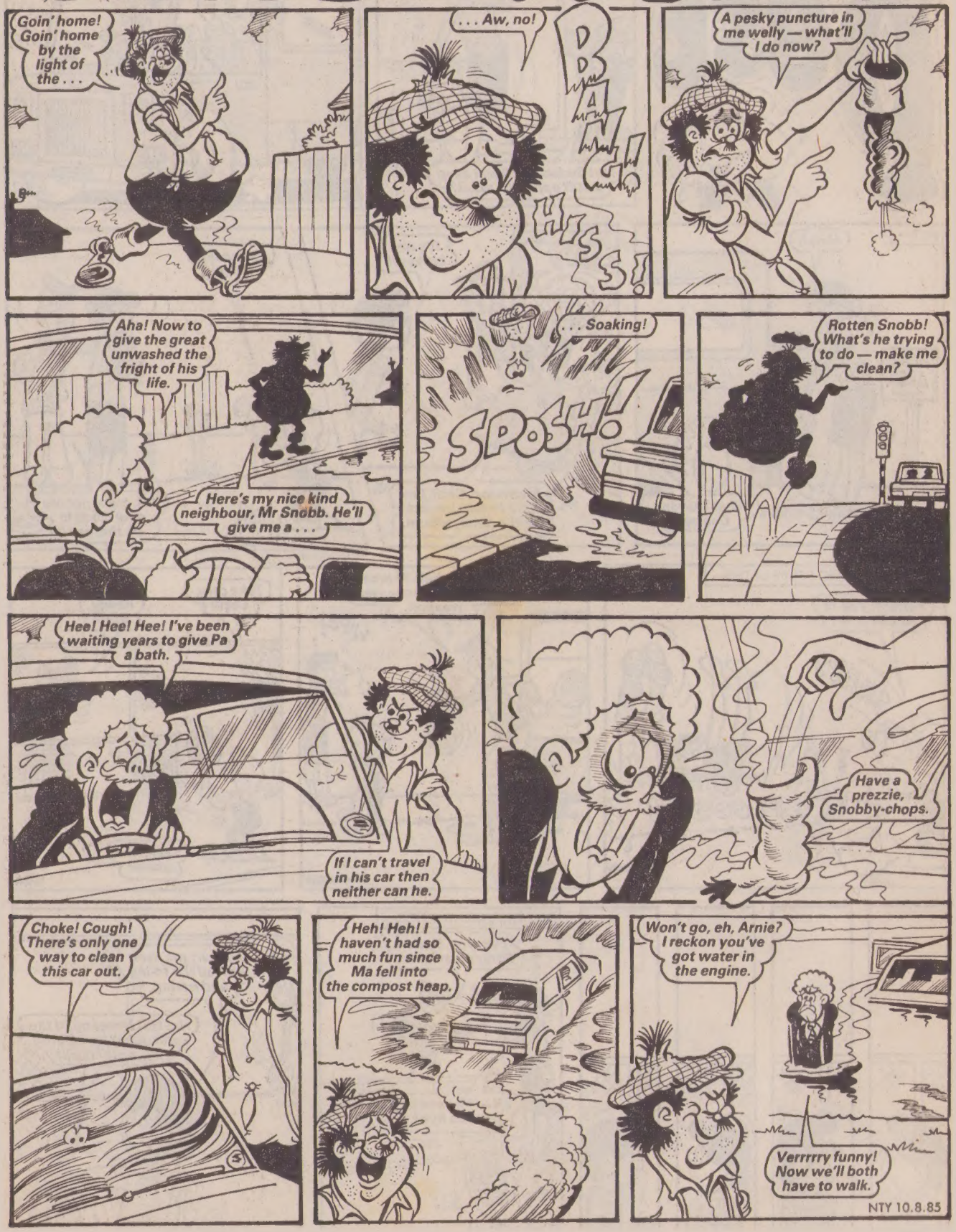

You scoundrel! This calls for a duel! Choose your weapon.
WIPE!


Take care, Cecil!
Ready, Brat?
Yeah, fire away!

ONE TROUNCING LATER—
I've won, Doris. Peter must leave.
THROB!
ER — I'll have to go with him!
NTY 10.8.85

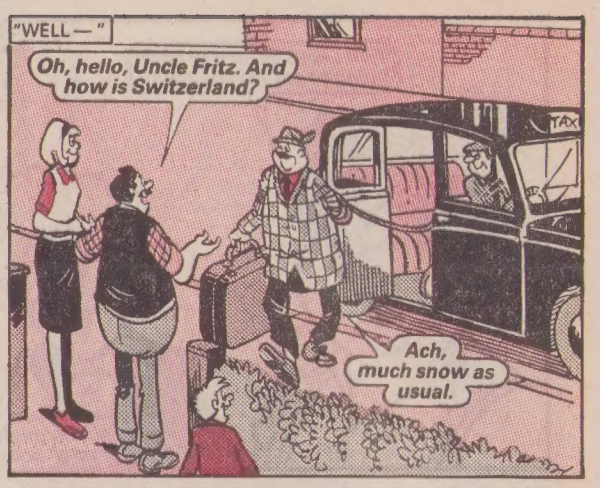
I've hurt my neck with all the to-ing and fro-ing.
Ho! Ho! Never mind the stiff upper lip— Doris has a stiff neck!

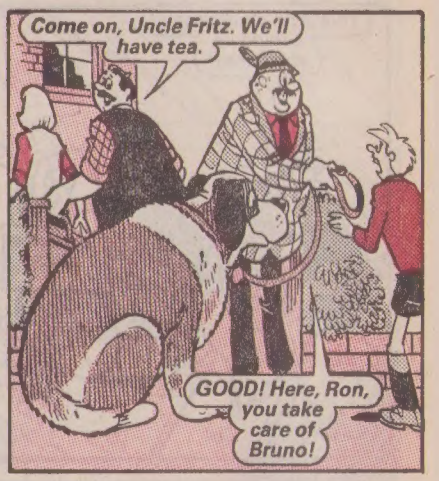
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

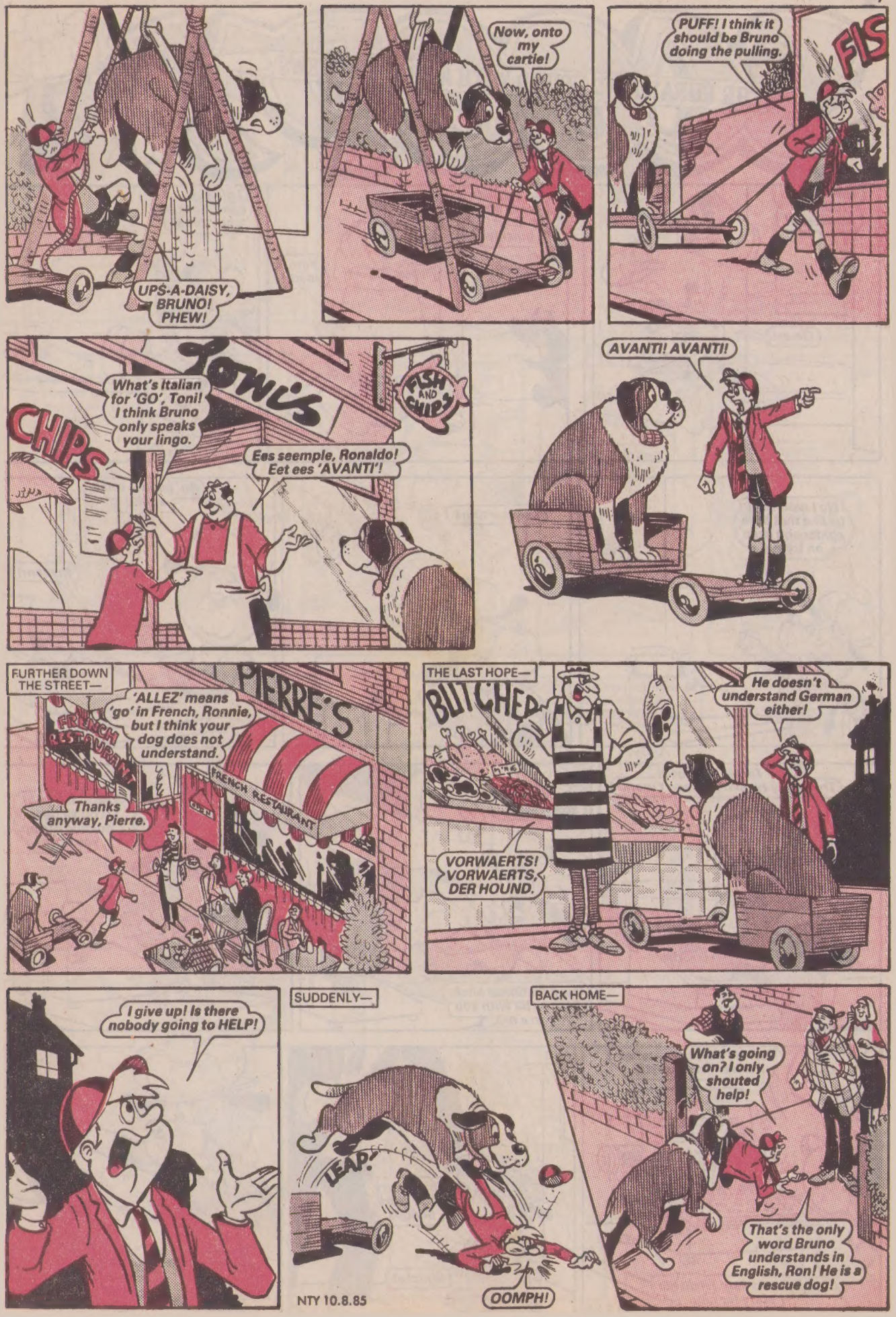


Tch! Looks like we're both going to get soaked again.
You might — but not me.
LETMEINYOUROTTENRATBAG!
TELEPHONE BOX
SLAM!
Go away! There's only room for one.
This is an emergency! I could be showered!
EMERGENCY ONLY
'Ave another prezzie, Snobb.
That was sneaky!
Like you said — there's only room for one . . .
. . . ME!
Sniff! With all these soakings I bet I catch a cold.
COLD GERMS
Tally-ho, chaps! We'll get the one in the phone box first.
Yeeks! On Second thoughts we'll go for the other bloke.
PONG
SOON —
Achoo! I have caught a cold. Thank goodness.
NTY 10.8.85
'Cos I can't smell anything. Not even his socks!
Stinking shame! You're missing a rare treat!

RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS

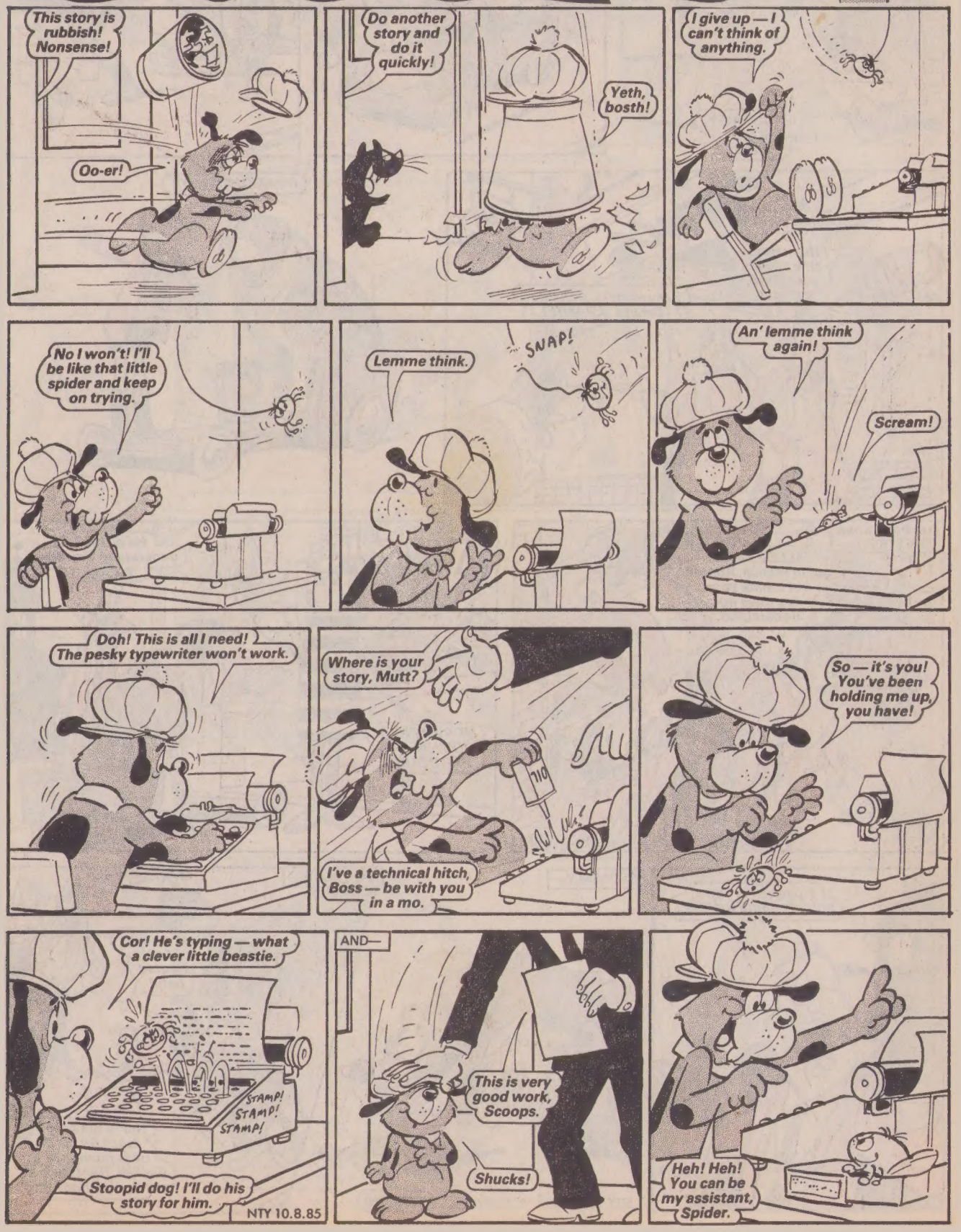





UPS-A-DAISY, BRUNO! PHEW!
Now, onto my cartie!
PUFF! I think it should be Bruno doing the pulling.
FIS
Tonis
CHIPS
What's Italian for 'GO', Toni! I think Bruno only speaks your lingo.
FISH AND CHIPS
Ees seemple, Ronaldo! Eet ees 'AVANTI'!
AVANTI! AVANTI!
FURTHER DOWN THE STREET—
PIERRE'S
FRENCH RESTAURANT
'ALLEZ' means 'go' in French, Ronnie, but I think your dog does not understand.
Thanks anyway, Pierre.
THE LAST HOPE—
BUTCHER
He doesn't understand German either!
VORWAERTS! VORWAERTS, DER HOUND.
I give up! Is there nobody going to HELP!
SUDDENLY—
LEAP!
OOMPH!
BACK HOME—
What's going on? I only shouted help!
That's the only word Bruno understands in English, Ron! He is a rescue dog!
NTY 10.8.85

SCOOPS

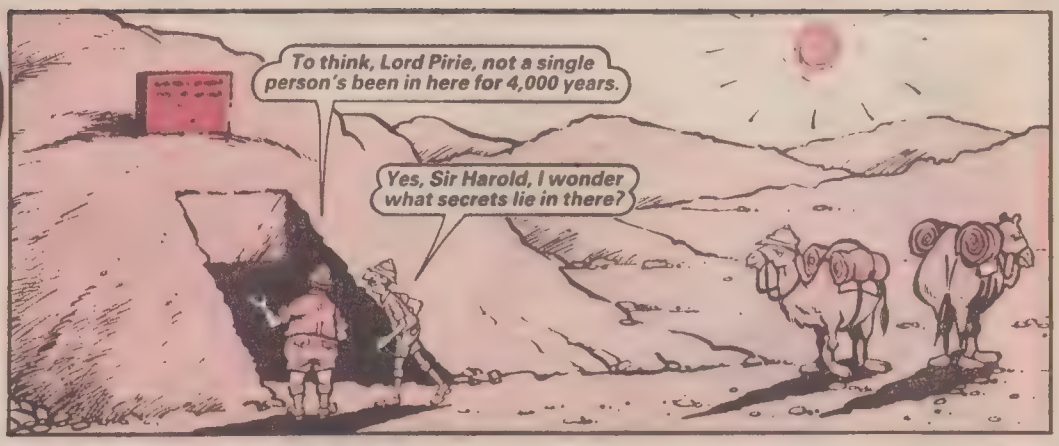
THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

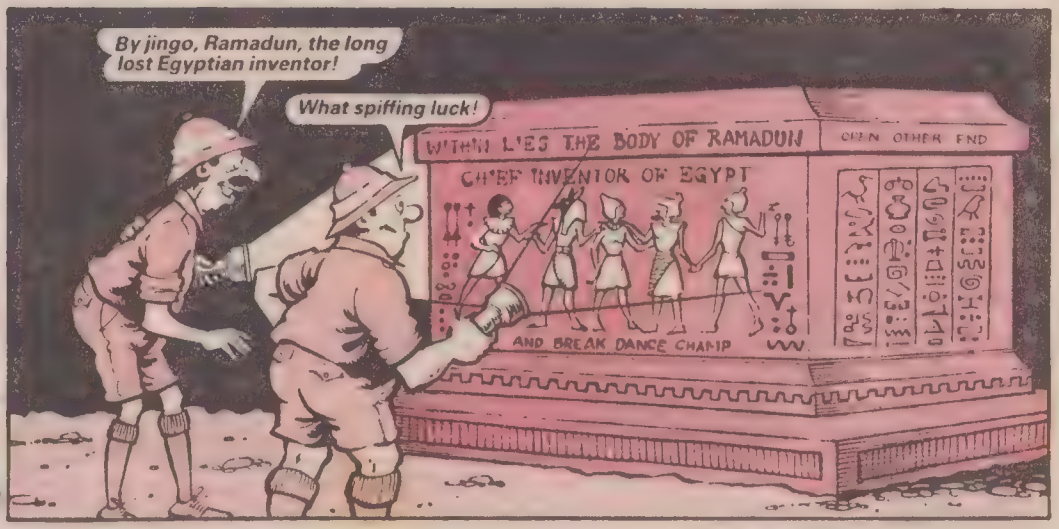


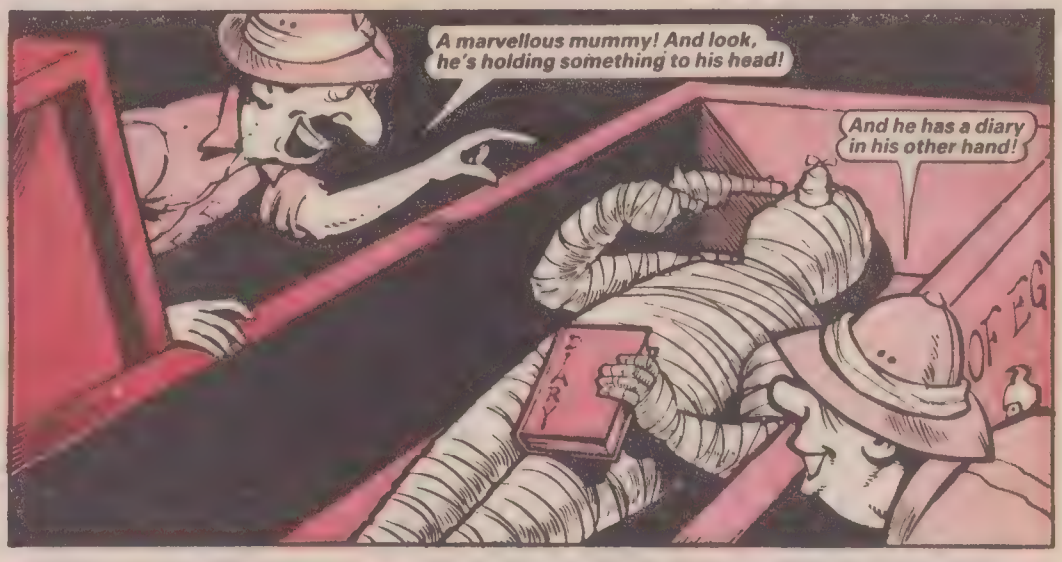
DUSTY
SO —
I can't go far today, Smudger. The wheel's off my cart.
CITY TIP
You can do School Road then. It needs swept.
HUH! Where am I gonna put all this trash?
LATER —
You've done very, very well, Dusty.
Thanks, Boss!
TCH! You cheat! You swept all the litter under that car. I want it disposed of PROPERLY!
SCHOOL
RING!! RINGG
PHEW! Almost finished.
THEN —
WHA! Me rubbish!
DINNER TIME!
AND —
What's Smudger up to?
BAH! You haven't finished yet and I'm meeting Miss Ball in five minutes!
HMM!
So Smudger's trying to impress one of the teachers! Must get this rubbish gathered!
TEE! HEE! This'll teach him!
NTY 10.8.85
Good evening, Tanya. Climb in, it's very — DIRTY! Oh, no!
HUH! You'd have been better just bringing a dustcart, you old tramp!
HO! HO! Serves him right!
B-BUT!

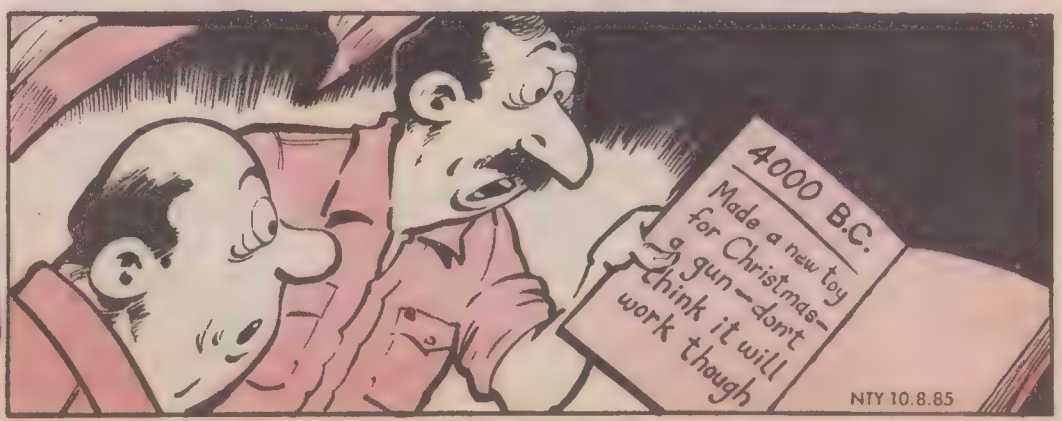
SNOOZER
ZZZZZZ
Think I'll settle down and have an exciting all-action dream.
TAA-RAA! It's the laziest superhero of them all, it's me—SNOOZERMAN.
And this is my super comfy SNOOZEMOBILE!
AT NUTTYTOWN RACECOURSE—
AND THEY'RE OFF!
ZAP!
Now to try out my snooze-powered LAZER gun.
The jockeys are OFF all right and their horses are OFF TO SLEEP.
AAIEE!
SNORE!
SLUMP
TUMBLE
UGH!
SOON—
Now where's that bull?
BEWARE OF THE BULL
A blast of lazer ray will take care of your BULL RUSH, Pal.
ZAP!
SNORT!
This is the super lazy way to reach apples, Readers.
Hey, you. GRR!
ZZZ!
You farmers get up early every day, you must be tired by now. TEE! HEE!
ZZZ—UGH!
ZAP!
MANY LAZER PRANKS LATER—
Now to give myself a blast and have a well-earned nap.
CLICK!
BUT—
GRR! My lazer gun's empty. Everyone's asleep but me.
STOMP!
SMASH!
SNOOZER! What are you doing to my hair dryer?
SMASH!
GRR! Oo-er, I must've had a nightmare, Mum.
NTY 10.8.85

NUTTY TALES


To think, Lord Pirie, not a single person's been in here for 4,000 years.
Yes, Sir Harold, I wonder what secrets lie in there?


By jingo, Ramadun, the long lost Egyptian inventor!
What spiffing luck!
WITHIN LIES THE BODY OF RAMADUN
OPEN OTHER END
CHIEF INVENTOR OF EGYPT
AND BREAK DANCE CHAMP


A marvellous mummy! And look, he's holding something to his head!
And he has a diary in his other hand!
DIARY


4000 B.C.
Made a new toy for Christmas— a gun—dont think it will work though
NTY 10.8.85

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER —

The chief will know if there are any problems, Mr B.

HAA-SO!

ZUMP!

Oo — er!

Er, sorry, Chief. Can't think why I did that.

GRR. You CAN'T think— that's why.

You're doing that all wrong, Chief. Let me show you.

Eh? show me what?

!

NYEEHAAA!

WOW!

KRAK!

Now why did I do that?

It's that Chinese cooking. it's making you behave like a Kung-Fu fighter.

We'd better go before we upset Chiefy any more.

Right — we'll look for the problems ourselves.

You know the trouble with Chinese food . . . ?

. . . Half an hour later you're hungry for more — HELP!

I'm trying, Mr B.

Got you!

SPLATTEROONIE!

GROAN! No, Crow— you were too late.

MOAN!

What am I to do? There are no bananas to turn me into Bananaman.

I've got a plan.

I hope this 'nana flavoured milk shake works.

So do I.

FOOSH!

YIPPEE! It works, it . . .

Wh — what's happenin'?

Ooo-er! It's the milk shake. It's doing just that . . .

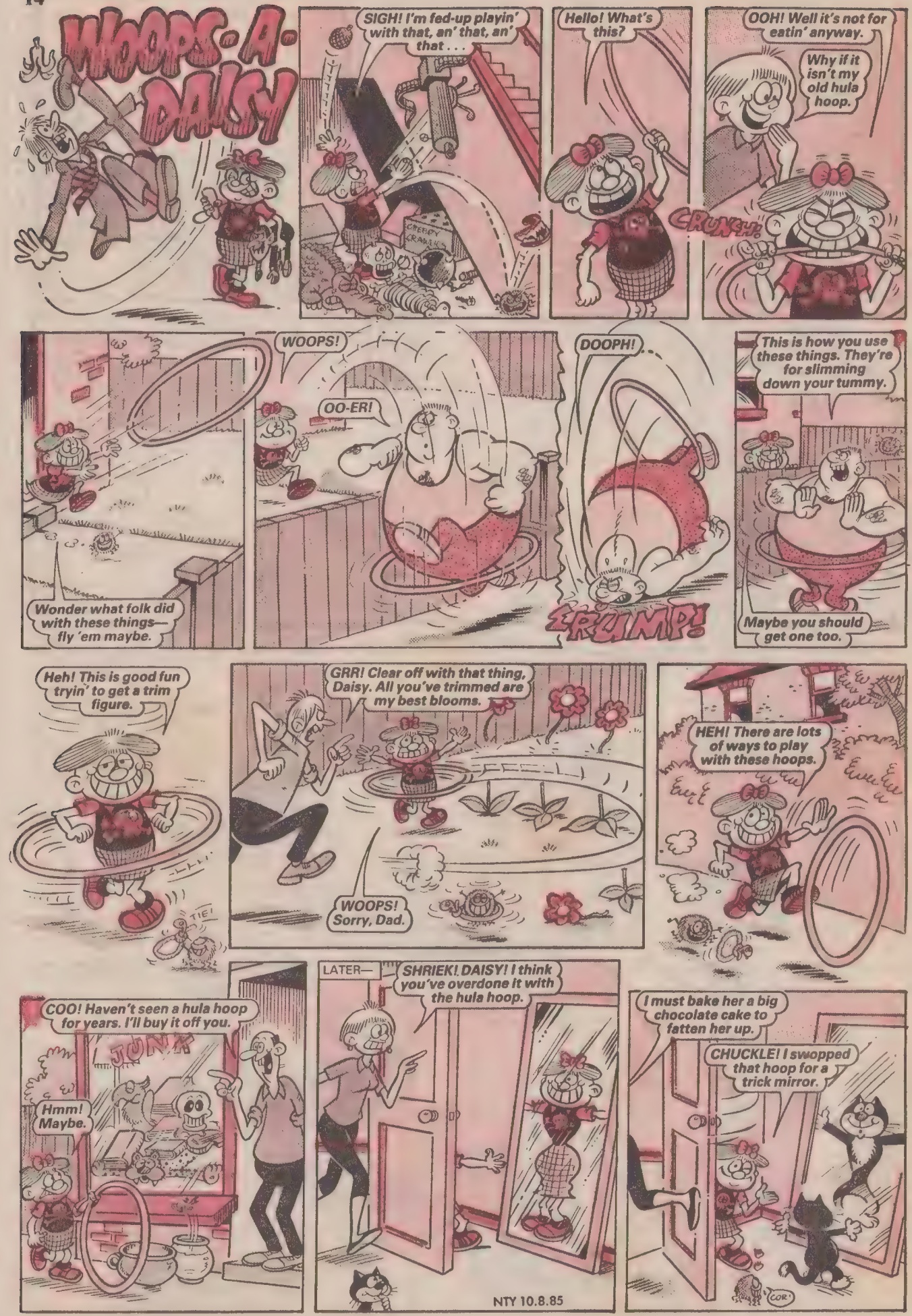
. . . It's making you shake!

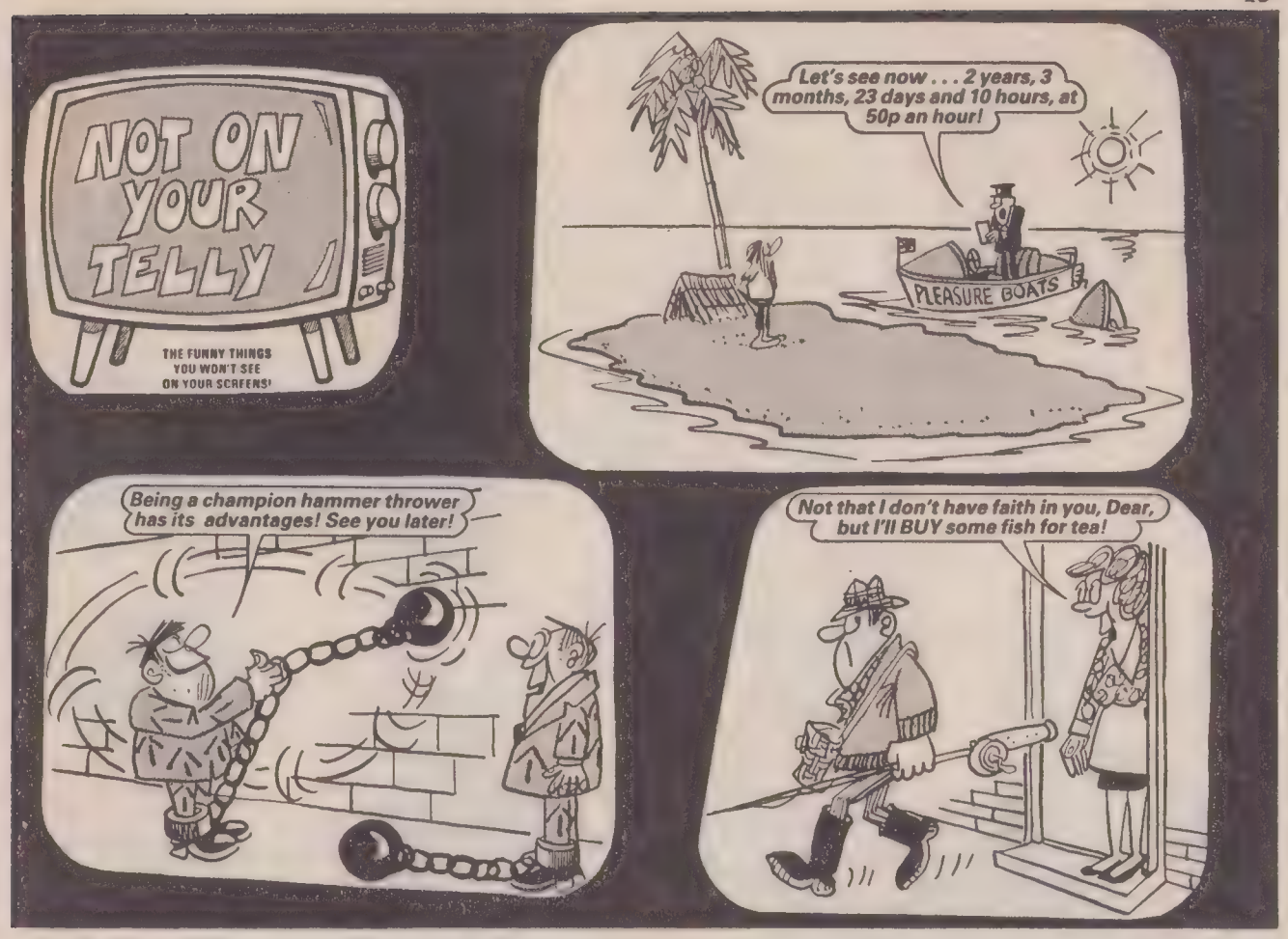
RUMBLE-O-DOOM!

Well we don't have to patrol the town to find problems now . . .

. . . The whole town's a problem now.

NTY 10.8.85


WOOPS-A-DAISY
SIGH! I'm fed-up playin' with that, an' that, an' that . . .
Hello! What's this?
OOH! Well it's not for eatin' anyway.
Why if it isn't my old hula hoop.
CRUNCH!
WOOPS!
OO-ER!
DOOPH!
THUMP!
Wonder what folk did with these things—fly 'em maybe.
This is how you use these things. They're for slimming down your tummy.
Maybe you should get one too.
Heh! This is good fun tryin' to get a trim figure.
GRR! Clear off with that thing, Daisy. All you've trimmed are my best blooms.
WOOPS! Sorry, Dad.
HEH! There are lots of ways to play with these hoops.
COO! Haven't seen a hula hoop for years. I'll buy it off you.
JUNK
Hmm! Maybe.
LATER—
SHRIEK! DAISY! I think you've overdone it with the hula hoop.
I must bake her a big chocolate cake to fatten her up.
CHUCKLE! I swopped that hoop for a trick mirror.
NTY 10.8.85



ADVERTISEMENT NTY 10.8.85

HERE'S A TREAT FOR YOU, PARDNERS— DANDY COMIC LIBRARIES!

Dandy COMIC LIBRARY No. 55 22P
DESPERATE DAN HANDYMAN

SMASHING EXTRA-LONG COMIC ADVENTURES FEATURING YOUR FAVOURITE FUN PALS!

Dandy COMIC LIBRARY No. 56 22P
IT'S THE BABY CROCKETT SHOW!

ADD THEM TO YOUR CHUCKLE AND CHORTLE COLLECTION NOW. THEY'RE SUPURRRR!

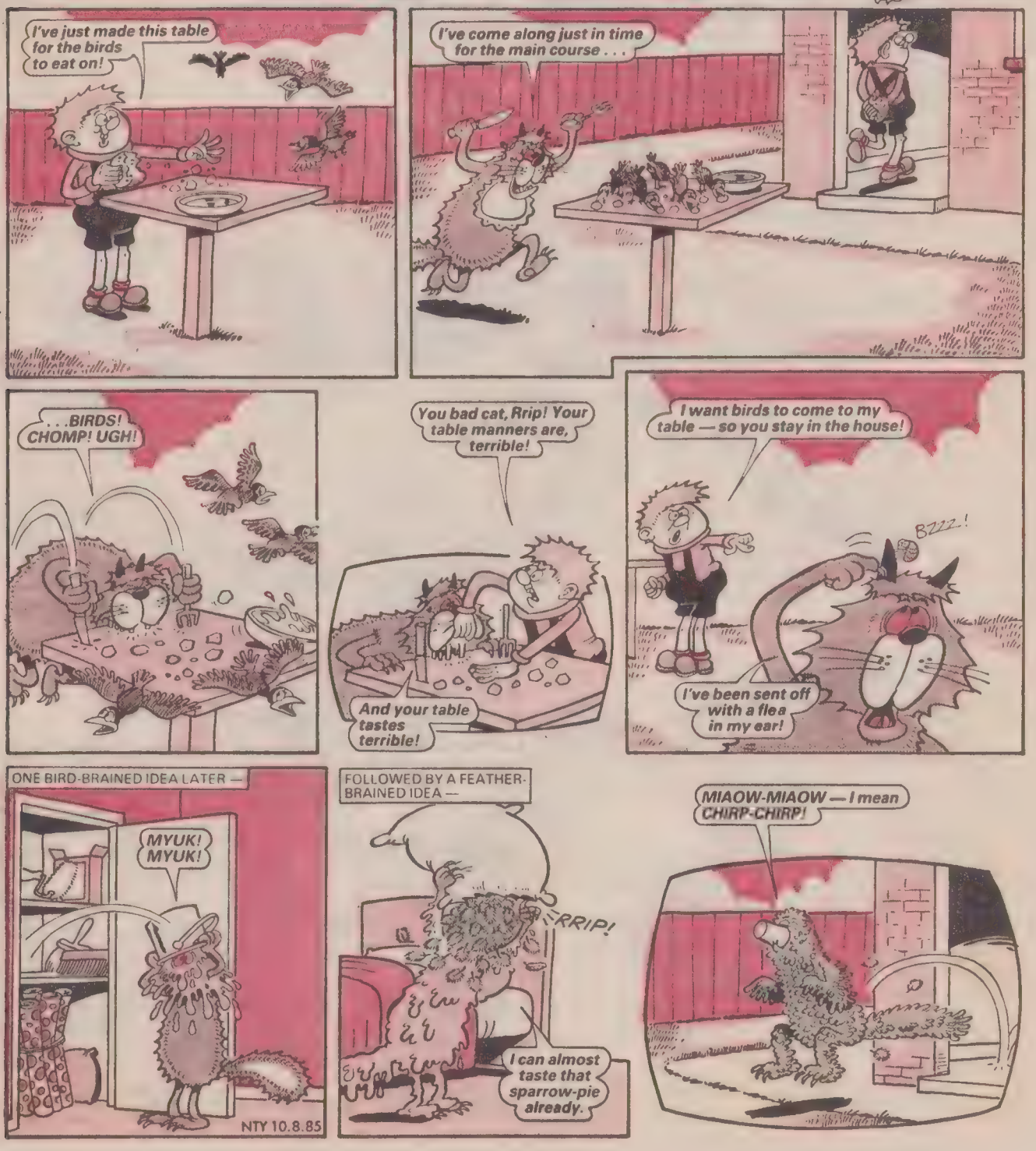
NOW ON SALE—Price 22p EACH

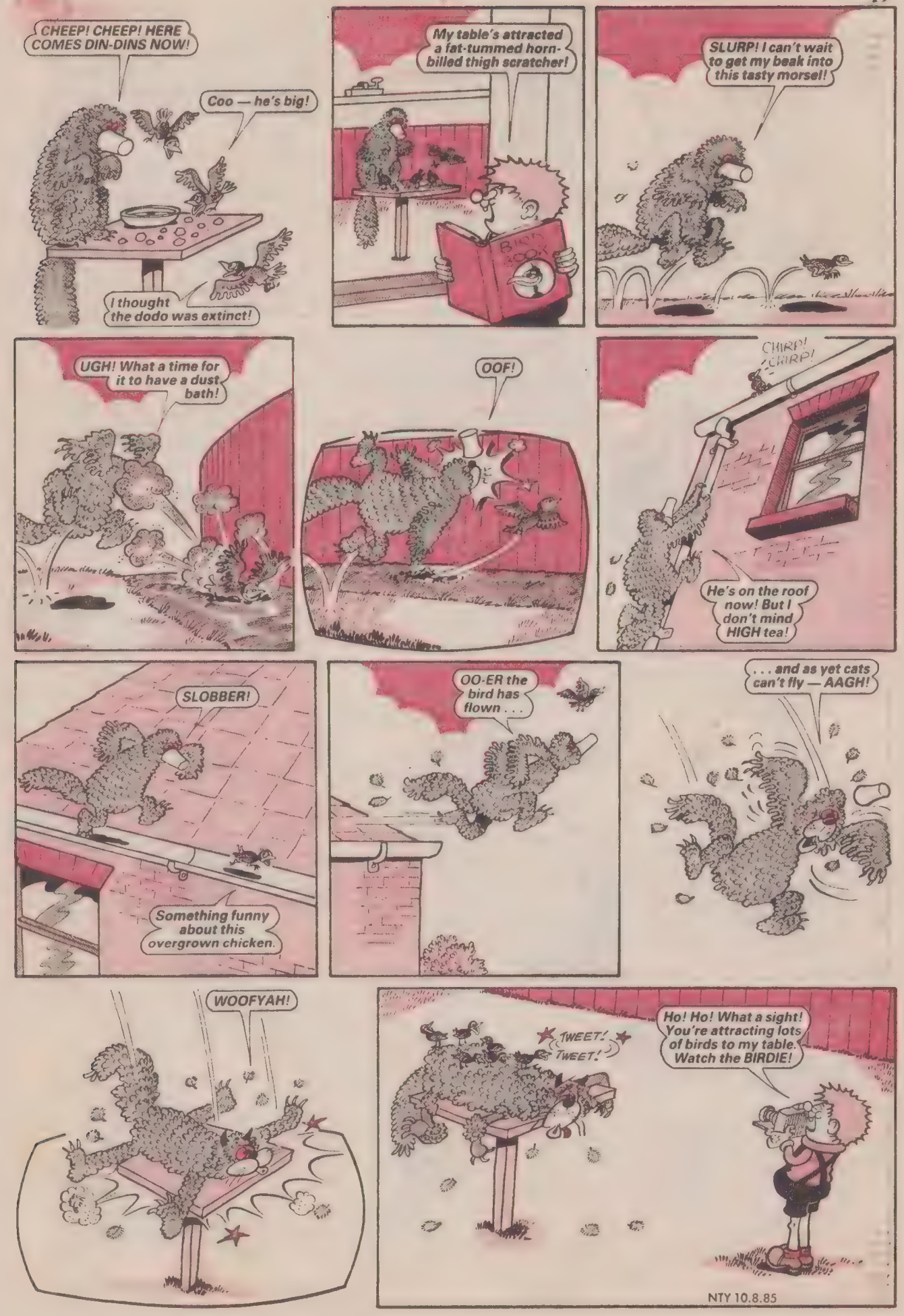
MAURICE THE MUSCLE IS GOING STRAIGHT

NTY 10.8.85

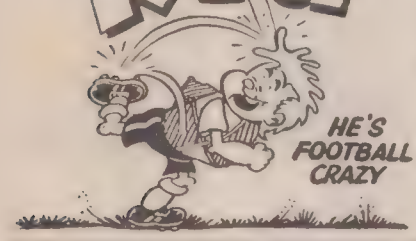
I can't take any more of this.
PEEOING!
Then when I was in prison with Fingers—
—He tried to get us out.
SLAM!
I'm off!
It wasn't his fault that the cell door blew shut before I could get out!
The lads ain't so bad! I'll steal this car to let them see I'm still a crook!
VROOM!
ROAR!
OOH! I've forgotten to take off the crook lock!
CRASH!
YIKES! What's up?
Put us down. We've been burglar-napped.
H.M. PRISON
SMASH!
NTY 10.8.85
AND—
TCH! You went straight, Maurice. STRAIGHT through the bank and STRAIGHT into prison!

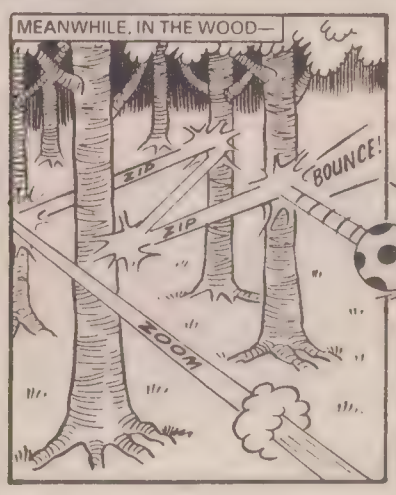
NIP and RRIP

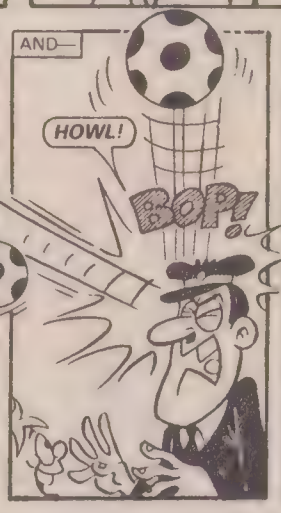

I've just made this table for the birds to eat on!
I've come along just in time for the main course . . .
. . .BIRDS! CHOMP! UGH!
You bad cat, Rrip! Your table manners are, terrible!
And your table tastes terrible!
I want birds to come to my table — so you stay in the house!
BZZZ!
I've been sent off with a flea in my ear!
ONE BIRD-BRAINED IDEA LATER —
MYUK! MYUK!
NTY 10.8.85
FOLLOWED BY A FEATHER-BRAINED IDEA —
RRIP!
I can almost taste that sparrow-pie already.
MIAOW-MIAOW — I mean CHIRP-CHIRP!

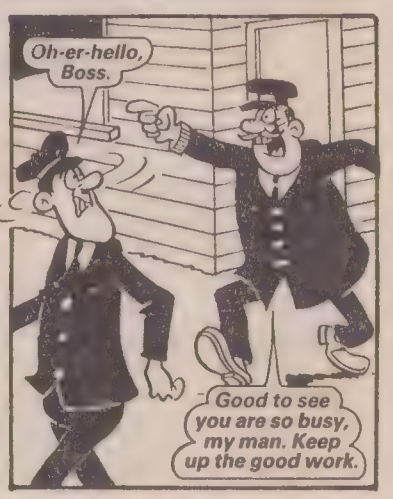

CHEEP! CHEEP! HERE COMES DIN-DINS NOW!
Coo — he's big!
I thought the dodo was extinct!
My table's attracted a fat-tummed horn-billed thigh scratcher!
BIRD
SLURP! I can't wait to get my beak into this tasty morsel!
UGH! What a time for it to have a dust bath!
OOF!
CHIRP! CHIRP!
He's on the roof now! But I don't mind HIGH tea!
SLOBBER!
Something funny about this overgrown chicken.
OO-ER the bird has flown . . .
. . . and as yet cats can't fly — AAGH!
WOOFYAH!
TWEET! TWEET!
Ho! Ho! What a sight! You're attracting lots of birds to my table. Watch the BIRDIE!
NTY 10.8.85

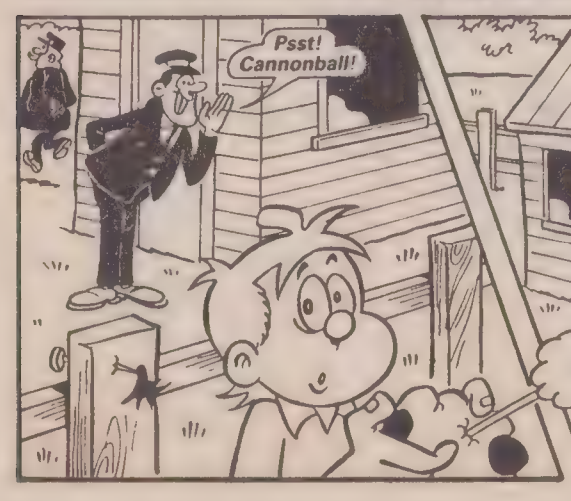
Cannonball Kid











TURBO SARGE
There has been a lot of robberies at the harbour, Turbo Sarge.
My motor is running, Inspector . . .
BRRRRR!!
ON TICKOVER
COPCAT
SHATTER!
SHATTER!
VROAARR!
. . . And I'm off!
ZIP!
HARBOUR
VOOSH!
I'll do a few speedy trips round the harbour.
GUST
WARE HOUSE 5
Help! He's causing a typhoon.
BLOW
GUST
ROAR!!
Nothing very unusual to report.
CAST
I'll catch the speedy twit before he sinks us all.
Bullseye!
PYOOING!
YIKEES!
HOWL!
NIP!
FISH
WAIT!
CRASH!
SOH!
DOH!
Ooo—me helmet bone!
FISH!
Well done, Turbo Sarge. You've uncovered a horde of stolen property.
POLICE
PULL
Take it all back to the nick, please.
Oo-er!
DRAG
STAGGER
NTY 10.8.85
CLICK!
SNAILS PACE
STRUGGLE
Wahey! Those divers boots and anchor are really slowing him down.

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN

SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,' P.O. BOX No.305, LONDON NW1 1TX.

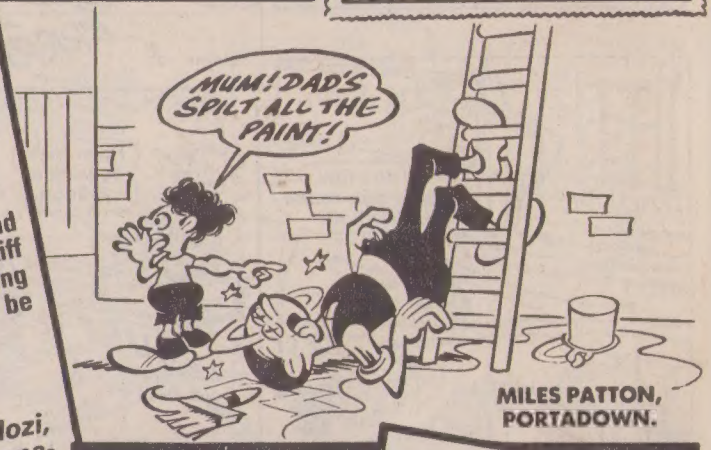
Dear Bananaman,
Here is a simple recipe for a "Banana Dip."

INGREDIENTS
1 banana
2 tablespoons natural yoghurt.
1 egg, separated

METHOD:
Mash half the banana and stir in the yoghurt and the egg-yolk. Whisk the egg-white until softly stiff and fold into the mixture. Serve with the remaining banana and rusks or sponge fingers which can be dipped in.

MARK CONROY, PRESTON.

I've tried this recipe and it's fandabidozi, so if any other readers know any banana-recipes why not write in and let me know.
Bananaman.



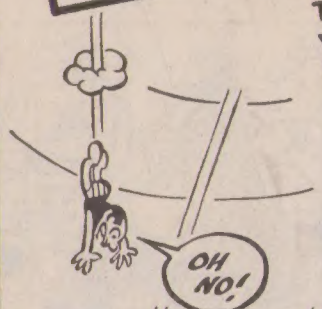
MILES PATTON, PORTADOWN.

HOME HELP!
TEACHER: — Did your father help you with your homework?
JAY R: — No, he did it all himself.
MATTHEW DIXON, LONDON.

SALAD DAYS!
NIP: — We're having salad for dinner today, Rrip!
RRIP: — How do you know, Masster?
NIP: — I can't smell anything burning!"
ANDREW KING, CHATHAM.

WRITE ON!
RIVERS: — Brown, your writing has improved.
RON BROWN: — Thank you, sir.
RIVERS: — But now I've discovered how bad your spelling is.

JAMES BAVERSTOCK, ENFIELD.



FACE FACTS!
What did one eye say to the other eye?
Between you and me, something smells!

LYNN BRIERLY, OLDHAM.

BAD N-EWES!
"Doctor! Doctor! I've just swallowed a whole sheep!"
"How do you feel?"
"Very ba-a-a-d!"
MARTIN AVERY, PETERBOROUGH.

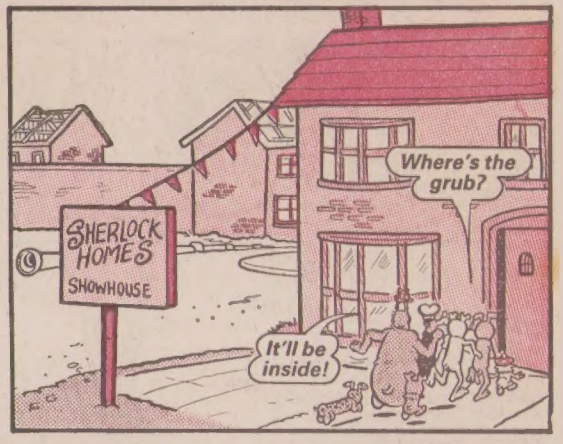
CHRISTOPHER HEYWOOD, CLEETHORPES.

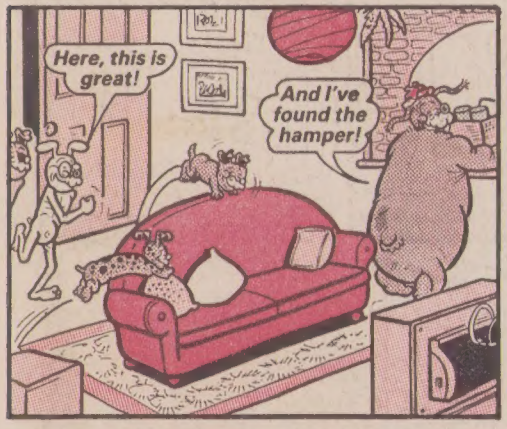
IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

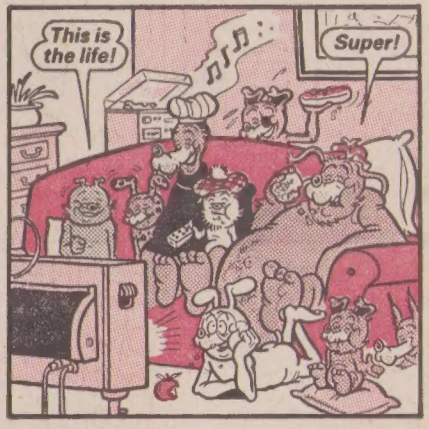
NTY 10.8.85

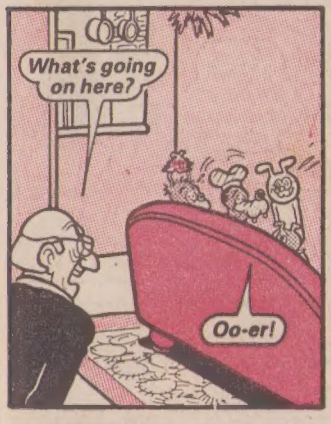
DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

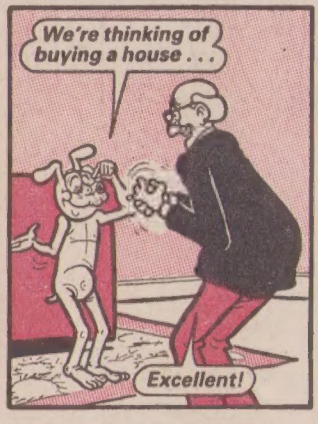
THE WILD ROVERS

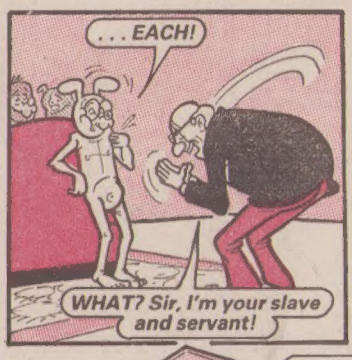


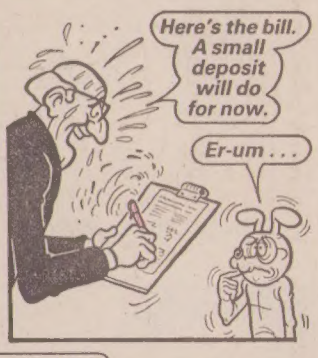


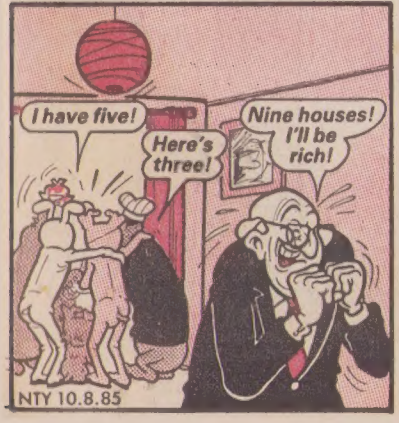


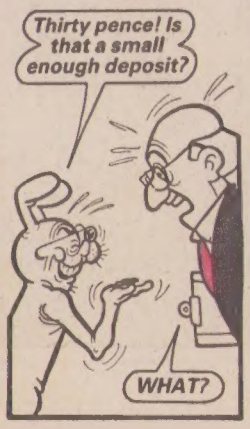












CUDDLES

'AT'S ME!

The Bananaman Summer Special is smashin' — have you got yours yet, Readers?

BANANAMAN SUMMER SPECIAL

Me gonna play at Bananaman if only me could find my blue romper suit.

NASTY NIFF!

Be careful! Remember, little boys can't fly.

Me know where my romper suit'll be.

Stoopid old muvver has washed it.

GOTCHA!

HOWL!

POING!

EEK! My little darling is flying.

Oooo — me not like this much.

SPLODGE!

DAD'S VERY SMELLY COMPOST HEAP!

THEN—

Poor Cuddles — have a banana to cheer you up.

Nope! Me no playin' at Bananaman now.

It's not only Bananaman that eats bananas. Monkeys love them too.

Is 'at so?

What did you go and tell him that for, Dad?

SLIP!!!

Oo-oo-oo! Me's a proper little monkey!

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